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THE

CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with English Translations.

By FIONN.

PART III.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

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MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.
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Part IV. Preparing.

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An cluinn thu 'leannain !—O hear me, love, hear me !
Mo chailin donn, òg—My bonnie brown maid.
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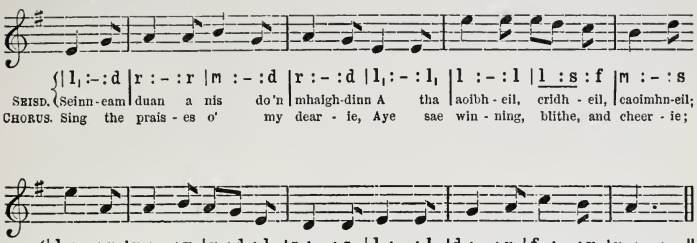
Translations of Gaelic and English Songs, Popular Gaelic Readings, &c.

BY "FIONN."

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION, PRICE 3s.

87—A' MHAIGHDEAN ÀLUINN—THE PEERLESS MAIDEN.

KEY G. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.* Air—"Slàn gu 'n till na Gaidheil ghasda."



Tha mo leannan dreachmhor, dìreach,
'Us 'n a gluasad socair, sìobhalt';
Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an sgìreachd
'Thig a nìos riut ann an gnìomh.

'S ann fo sgàile nam beann-àrda
Dh' fhàs an rìbhinn a tha àluinn;
Labhraidh i gu blasda 'Ghàidhlig,
'Chainnt a's feàrr a tha 's an tìr.

Dh'fhàs i suas mar shóbhraig bhòidhich,
Modhail, màlda mar an neòinein;
Cha d' fhuair amaideachd no gòraich'
Aite-còmhnaidh riamh 'n a crìdh'.

Tha mo ghaol-sa cridheil, ceòlmhor—
Có 'n a cuideachd a bhiodh brònach?
'N uair a theannas i rì òrain
Faodaidh 'n smeòrach a bhi bìth.

Falt a cinn 'n a dhualan òrdail;
Dheth cha 'n ioghnadh i 'bhi spòrsail;
Ceum gu bràth nach dochainn feòirnein;
Meòir a's bòidhche air an sgrìobh.

Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an dùthaich
'Tha cho measail no cho clìùiteach;
'S iomadh h-aon a thug dhuit ùmhlachd,
'Us a lùb dhuit anns gach nì.

O'n a chuir mi fhéin ort eòlas,
'S tric a bha sinn cridheil còmhla;
Ach tha mis' an dìugh a'm ònar
Dubhach, brònach, 'us thu 'm dhìth.

'S ged a tha mi fad' air faontradh
Thall 's a bhos air feadh an t-saoghail,
Air mo spéis dhuit cha tig caochladh;
Thug mi gaol dhuit 'bhios gun chrìch.

In her figure, straight and slender;
In her manner, kind and tender;
Nature's sel' could hardly mend her;
In her movements, neat and free.

She was reared amang the Hielans,
Land o' crofts and summer shielins;
How it charms and warms the feelins
When she Gaelic speaks tae me.

Like the daisy bloomin' bonny;
Like the primrose lo'ed by mony;
She grew fairer far than ony
And nae menseless ways had she.

When she sings there's nane sings sweeter;
E'en the mavis canna beat her:—
Wha'd be dowie ga'in tae meet her?
Wha could pairt frae her wi' glee?

Doun her gracefu' shouthers flowing,
Her rich curls are golden glowing:
Scarce her footstep, lightly going,
Bends the flow'ret on the lea.

Liked by ilka ane comes near her;
And the langer kenn'd the dearer;
North or south there's nane can peer her;
And she 's a' the warld tae me.

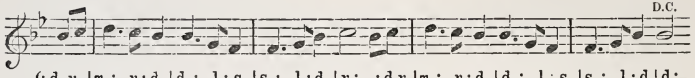
Though afar frae her I wander,
On my dear ane still I ponder;
Ilka day but makes me fonder—
Love like mine can never die.

From the day when first I met her,
My desire has been to get her;
Come what may, I 'll ne'er forget her
Until death shall close my e'e.

Gaelic words by "FIONN." Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE.

38—NA LÀITHEAN A DH'AOM—THE GAY DAYS OF YORE.

KEY B♭. *Beating twice in the measure.* Air—"Robi donn gòrach"



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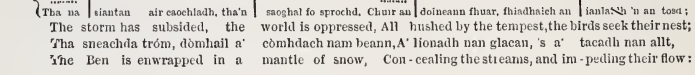
Tha na | siantan air caochladh, tha'n | saoghal fo sprochd, Chuir an | doineann fhuar, fhiadhaich an | iantan 'n an tost;
The storm has subsided, the | world is oppressed by the tempest, the birds seek their nest;
Tha sneachda tròm, dòmhail a' | còmhdach nam beann, A' lionadh nan glacan, 's a' | tacadh nan allt,
The Ben is enwrapped in a | mantle of snow, Con - cealing the streams, and im - peding their flow:

Rallantando. . . .



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'S mise | 'feitheamh an aisig aig | carraig a' chaoil, Ri | smaointean air àbhachd nan | làithean a dh'aom.
A - waiting the ferry, I | sit by the shore, And | silently muse on the gay days of yore.

Ann an làithean ar n-òige
Dol 'n còmhdhail an t-sluaigh,
Cha sheall sinn ach faoin
Air mar dh' aomas iad 'uainn;
Cha tig e 'n ar smaointean
Cho goirid 's tha 'n dàil,
Gus am brùchd oirnn gach leòn
Ni ar lùbadh gu làr,
Gun chùram gun éislein,
Aig teumadh air taobh,
Air làithean a' snàg 'uainn
Gun àireamh air aon.

'N uair a luidheas an aois oirnn
'S a dh' aognas ar snuadh,
Ar ciabh 'dol 'an tainead,
Agus smal air ar gruaidh,
Bith'dh teugmhail nan còmhlan
A' còmhradh gu truagh,
Agus càirdean ar n-òige
Air sòmhladh 's an uaigh;
'S ann an sin bhios ar cridhe
Làn mulaid 'us gaoid,
Ri smaointean air àbhachd
Nan làithean a dh' aom.

O! Ard-Righ na cruinne,
Ceann-uidhe ar dùil,
Air an t-sneachda fhliuch fhionnar
Dhuit a lùbas mi glùn;
'S guidheam gu'n òrduich
Thu dhòmh-sa gu glic,
'Bhi 'cuimhneachadh d'òrduigh
Gu h ùmhal 's gu tric,
Chum 'n uair chrìochnaicheas m' astar
Ann an glacaibh an Aoig,
Nach cuimhnich thu m' fhàilinn
Anns na làithean a dh' aom.

In bright days of childhood
With free buoyant heart,
We think not how swiftly
The seasons depart,
How soon comes the time
When our health may decay,
And softly we 'll slumber
Beneath the cold clay;
All heedless we count not
The years as they fly,
Nor days that unnumbered
Pass silently by.

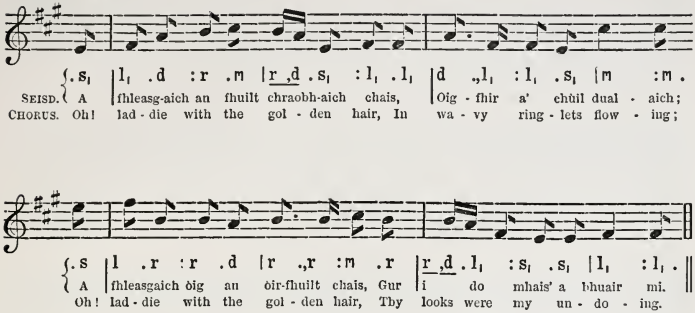
In the gloaming of life,
When age furrows the brow,
Our locks getting thinner,
And white as the snow,
When this world's cold friendship
Is sad to behold,
And the friends of our youth
Are asleep 'neath the mould,
Then, our heart filled with sorrow,
Is sick to the core,
As we mournfully muse
On the gay days of yore.

Almighty Creator!
My hope is in Thee;
On this snowy pathway
I now bend the knee;
O, teach me Thy statutes
And guide me alway,
And let me remember
Thy precepts each day,
That, sleeping in Death,
When Life's journey is o'er,
The faults of my youth
Thou 'lt remember no more.

Gaelic words by the late Dr MAC LACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by "FIONN."

39—OIGFHEAR A CHÙIL-DUALAICH—LADDIE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

KEY A. *Moderato.*



Mheall thu, mheall thu, mheall thu mi;
Do bhòidhichead a bhuair mi;
'Us gheall thu dhòmhs' air iomadh dòigh
Gu'm biodh do stòras buan domh.

Is truagh nach robh mi 'us mo ghaol
An lagan an fhraoich uaine,
'S ged laidhinn tinn, gu'n èirinn slàn,
'S mo làmh 'bhi fo d'chùl dualach.

O, gur mise 'tha gu tinn,
'Us falt mo chinn air fuasgladh,
'S gun fhios a'm fhéin ciod e'n cion-fàth
'Thug dhuits', a ghràidh, bhi'n gruaim rium.

Na'm biodh agam boineid dhù-ghorm
'S ite mholach uaine,
'S mi gu'n rachadh leat, a ghaoil,
Do sheòmar nan daoin'-uaisle.

Bith'dh tu aig banais agus "bàl,"
A' mànran ris gach gruagaich,
'S bith'dh mise 'n sin air chùl gach màis
'S do chàirdean ann an gruaim rium.

B' òg a thug mi dhuit mo ghaol,
Ged nach d'rinn mi 'bhuannachd,
'S an t-snaoim a cheangail sinn gu teann,
I air gach ceann air fuasgladh.

Thy beauty drew my heart to thee,
But now I am deceivèd;
The promises you gave to me
My too fond heart believèd.

Oh! would I were in yonder glen,
Now roaming with my deary;
My heart would wake to joy again,
Though now 'tis sad and dreary.

My locks untended loosely flow,
My spirits are dejected;
In vain I try the cause to know
Why thou hast me neglected.

If dressed in silks or satins rare,
Although of lowly station,
I'd to thy stately halls repair,
And face each proud relation.

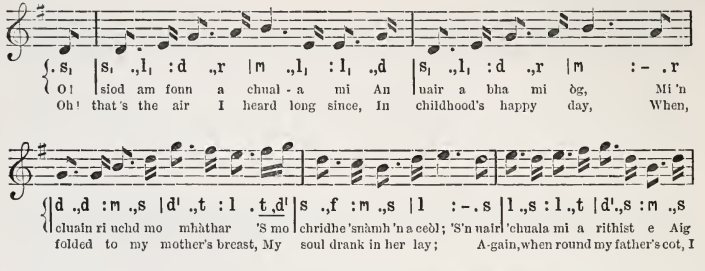
At balls or weddings thou art prone
To flirt with many a maiden,
While I, despised, must sit alone,
My heart with sorrow laden.

The love we plighted in the glade
I thought would fail us never;
The knot we tied, the vows we made,
I fear are loosed for ever.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." Translation by "FIONN."

40—AM FONN—THE MELODY.

KEY G.—*Moderato, with feeling.* Air—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh."



Bu tric o sin 'g a chlàistinn mi,
Mu eadradh àrd-thra nòin,
'S mi beadradh, air an àiridh,
Ri mo Mhàiri àillidh òig;
No feadh nan glacag fàileanta
'S an tàrladh dhuinn, gun ghò,
'Bhi coinneachadh, gu mànranach,
Fo sgàilean Choill-nan-cnò.

Ach b' éiginn dòmhs' an àiridh
Agus Mairi 'chur air chùl,
'Us siubhal fad' o'n àite sin
'S an robh mo ghràdh 'us m' ùigh,
A sheasamh anns na blàraibh
'N aghaidh nàmhaidean ar dùthch':
'S an làtha dh' fhàg mi 'm Bràighe,
Rìgh! bu chràiteach m' aigne brùit'!

O! siod am fonn a chuala mi,
'S a chuaileanaich mu 'm chrìdh',
A 's tric a dhùisg dhomh sealladh
Air mo leannan 's air mo thùr;
An uair a bhithinn airtnealach
'N am chairtealan, le sglos,
Gu 'n taislicheadh e m' anam
'N uair a chanainn e leam fhìn!

Ach thog am fonn an tràth-so dhomh
Fàth cànrain agus bròin;
Oir dhùisg e lomhaigh Màiri
'Us mo mhàthar, 's iad fo'n fhòid;
Gach caochladh agus sàrach
'Thàinig air na Gàidheil chòir,
O 'n àm 's 'n a bhuail an dàn ud mi
Le gràdh, 'n uair 'bha mi óg!

And oft since then I've heard its notes
With rapture fill the ear
At noonday in the shicling, when
My Mary lilted near;
Or when, in evening's peaceful calm,
Our steps together strayed,
With song and artless gaiety,
Adown the scented glade.

But cruel Fate at length decreed
That I should wander far
From Mary and my kindred dear,
To fill the ranks of war—
My country's rightful cause to stand
Against a foreign foe:
That day I left the glen I loved,
What words could tell my woe!

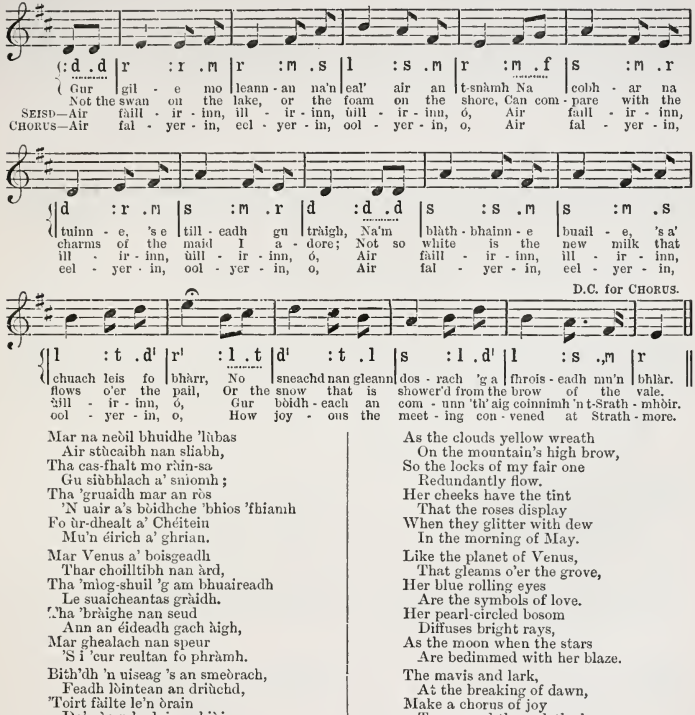
Again I've felt its moving tones
Around my heart entwine,
Awakening thoughts of home and love,
And joys that once were mine,
When, far away 'mid other scenes,
I thought of bygone years,
And hummed it o'er with melting heart
And eyes bedimmed with tears.

But when I hear it now, it wakes
Sad thoughts within my breast;
It minds me of my mother,
And my Mary, now at rest;
The evils that befell our land,
The wrongs my country bore,
Since first I heard that melody
In the happy days of yore.

Gaelic words from J. MUNRO'S "FILIDH." Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE.

41—EALAIDH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.

KEY D.—*Lively.*



Mar na neòil bhuidhe 'lùbas
Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhalt mo rùin-sa
Gu sìubhlach a' sniomh ;
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs
'N uair a's bòidhche 'bhios 'fhiamh
Fo ùr-dhealt a' Chéitein
Mu'n éirich a' ghrian.

Mar Venus a' boisgeadh
Thar choilltibh nan àrd,
Tha 'mlog-shuil 'g am bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas gràidh.
Tha 'bràighe nan seud
Ann an éideadh gach àigh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i 'cur reultan fo phràmh.

Bith'dh 'n uiseag 's an smeòrach,
Feadh lòintean an driùchd,
'Toirt fàilte le'n òrain
Do'n òg-mhaduinn chiùin ;
Ach bith'dh 'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smeòrach gun sunnd,
'N uair a thòisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a ciùil.

'N uair thig samhradh nan neòinean
A' còmhdach nam bruach,
Bith'dh gach eòinean 's a' chròchd-choill'
A' ceòl leis a' chuaich ;
'S bith'dh mise gu h-éibhinn
A' leumnaich 's a' ruaig
Fo dhlùth-gheugaibh sgàileach,
A' mànran ri m' luaidh.

As the clouds yellow wreath
On the mountain's high brow,
So the locks of my fair one
Redundantly flow.
Her cheeks have the tint
That the roses display
When they glitter with dew
In the morning of May.

Like the planet of Venus,
That gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes
Are the symbols of love.
Her pearl-circled bosom
Diffuses bright rays,
As the moon when the stars
Are bedimmed with her blaze.

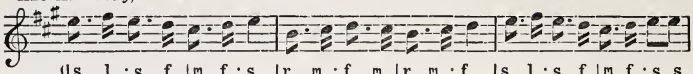
The mavis and lark,
At the breaking of dawn,
Make a chorus of joy
To resound through the lawn ;
But the mavis is tuneless—
The lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer
Renews her sweet strain.

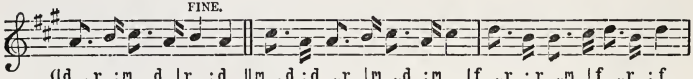
When summer bespangles
The landscape with flowers,
And the thrush and the cuckoo
Sing soft in their bowers,
Through the wood-shaded windings
With Bella I 'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love.

First verse and chorus by Mrs. MACKENZIE, Baïl'-an-lòin; remainder, and translation, by the late EWEN MACLACHLAN.

42—GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MÓR—WE WILL TAKE THE HIGHWAY.

KEY A.—*Lively, with marked time.*





Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
'S bodaich mhaol an làgain.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thar a' mhonaidh null 'n ar sgròb,
Sìos Gleann-Comhann air bheag sglos,
Mèarsaidh sinn 'an ainm an Rìgh,
Olc air mhath le càch e.
Gabnaidh sinn, &c.

Gu Mac-'ic-Alasdair 's Lochial,
Bith'dh iad leinn mar bha iad riamh,
'S Fear-na-Ceapach mar ar miann,
Olc air mhath le càch e.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Clann-a-Phearsoin, feachd nam buadh,
'S thig Cloinn-Choinnich o'n Taobh-tuath,
'S mairg an dream do 'n nochd iad fuath,
'N uair dh' èireas gruaim nam blàr orr'.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Clann-Ghriogair' garg 's an strì
'Us Stiùbhartaich, 's iad sluagh an Rìgh;
Mèarsaibh uallach,—suas a' phìob!
Olc air mhath le càch e.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

MacIntyres watch on hill;
Be their wishes good or ill,
We will keep, whate'er their will.
The way that lies before us.
We will up &c.

O'er the mountain's rocky steep,
Down Glencoe our course will keep;
In the King's name we will sweep
The rebels on before us.
We will up &c.

To Glengarry and Locheil,
Keppoch trusty, true as steel,
Hearts and claymores ever leal,
As were their sires' before them.
We will up &c.

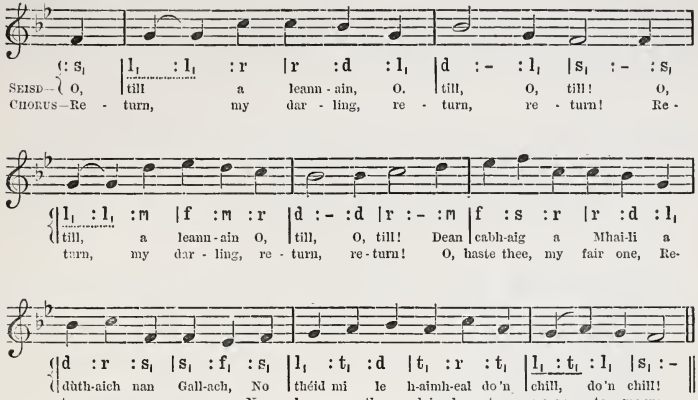
Bold MacPhersons will come forth,
With MacKenzies from the north:—
Where be they would try their worth
In battle's strife before them?
We will up, &c.

Fierce MacGregors, to us speed,
Stewarts of the royal seed—
Bag pipes ready,—pipers, lead
The way that lies before us!
We will up &c

Gaelic words attributed to JOHN BRECK MAC KENDRICK. Translation by C. M. P.

43—O, TILL, A LEANNAIN—RETURN, MY DARLING.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



O thus'a ghèibh sealladh de m' ghaol, de m' ghaol,
Thoir fios dhi gu 'n robh i dhomh fèin, dhomh fèin,
Mar chridhe do m' bhroilleach,
Mar iùl-chairt do 'n mharaich', [t-saogh'l.
Mar ait-ghréin an Earraich do 'n t-saogh'l, do 'n

O, c' àite 'm bheil coimeas do m' luaidh, do m luaidh?
Mar ròs air uchd eala tha 'gruaidh, tha 'gruaidh;
Clàr-aghaidh a's gile
Na 'm bainne 'g a shileadh,
No 'ghrian 's i gu luidhe 's a' chuan, 's a' chuan.

Na 'm faiceadh tu 'pearsa gun mheang, gun mheang—
Na 'n cluinneadh tu 'labhairt gun sgraing, gun
Na 'm biodh tu le m' chruinneig [sgraing—
'N àm togail nan luinneag,
Gu 'n lasadh do chridhe gun taing, gun taing.

Mo chridhe-sa! 's tusa 'bhios truagh, 'bhios truagh,
Mur pill is' 'thog oirre gu Cluaidh, gu Cluaidh:—
Gu 'm b' fhearr na bhi maille
Ri té eil' air thalamh,
'Bhi sìnnte ri m' Mhaili 's an uaigh, 's an uaigh!

If ever my loved one you see, you see,
O, tell her that she was to me, to me,
A chart for life's ocean,
A heart for each motion,
My sun and my portion was she, was she.

O, what with my love may compare, compare?
Not the swan or the rose so fair, so fair;
Much whiter I trow,
Than snow is her brow,
Or the sun setting low, so fair, so fair.

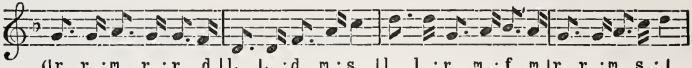
If you on my dear one should gaze, should gaze,
If you were to hear what she says, she says,
If you heard my pretty
One singing her ditty,
Your bosom would get in a blaze, a blaze.

But if she forsake me, my gloom, my gloom!
All pleasure and strength shall consume, consume,
And rather than stray
With another away,
I would lie with my May in the tomb, the tomb.

Gaelic words by EVAN MACCOLL. Translation from "FIONN'S CELTIC GARLAND."

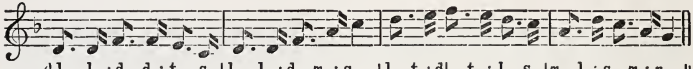
44—MAIRI LAGHACH—WINSOME MARY.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*



SEISD. { r .,r :m .,r :r .,d | l, .,l, :d .,m :s | l .,l :r .,m :f .,m | r .,r :m .,s :l
Hó, mo Mhàiri laghach, | 's tu mo Mhàiri bhinn! | Hó, mo Mhàiri laghach | s tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn;

CHORUS. Hey, my winsome Ma - ry, Ma - ry, fondly free! Hey, my winsome Ma - ry, Mary, mine to be!



{ l, .,l, :d .,d :t, .,s, | l, .,l, :d .,m :s | l .,t :d' .,t :l .,s | m .,l :s .,m :r
Hó, mo Mhàiri laghach, | 's tu mo Mhàiri bhinn; | Màiri bhòidheach lurach, | 'rugadh anns na glinn.
Winsome, handsome Mary— who so fair as she! My own Highland lassie, dear as life to me.

B'og bha mise 's Màiri
'M fàsaichean Ghlinn-smeòil,
'N uair 'chuir macan Venuis
Saighead gheur 'n am fheòil
Tharruing sinn ri chéile,
Ann an eud cho beò,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal
A thug gaol cho mòr.

Ged bu leamsa Albainn,
A h-airgiod 'us a maoin,
Cia mar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaoil?
B' annsa bhi 'g ad phògadh
Le deagh chòir dhomh féin,
Na ged gheibhinn stòras
Na Roinn-Eòrp' gu léir.

Tha d' fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Mu do chluais a' fás,
Thug nàdur gach buaidh dha
Thar gach gruag a bha:
Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'N a chur suas gach là;
Chas gach ciabh mu'n cuairt deth,
'S e 'n a dhuail gu 'bhàrr.

Tha do chailc-dheud snaighte
Geal mar shneachd nan àrd;
D' anail mar an caineal;
Beul o 'm banail fàilt:
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Min-ruisg chinnealt, thlà;
Mala chaol gun ghruaman,
Gnùis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt bàn.

Cha robh inneal ciùil
A fhuaireadh riamh fo 'n ghréin,
A dh'aithriseadh air chòir
Gach ceòl bhiodh againn féin
Uiseag air gach lònan,
Smeòrach air gach géig;
Cuthag 'us gùg gùg aic',
'Madainn chùbhraidh Chéit.

Long ere in my bosom
Lodged love's arrow keen,
Often with my Mary
In Glensmoil I 've been;
Happy hours succeeded
By affection true,
Till there seemed 'neath heaven
No such loving two!

What although all Albinn
And its wealth were mine,
How, without thee, darling,
Could I fail to pine?
As my bride to kiss thee,
I would prize far more
Than the all of treasure
Europe has in store.

What a wealth of tresses
Mary dear can show!
Crown of lustre rarer
Ne'er graced maiden brow!
'Tis but little dressing
Need those tresses rare,
Falling fondly, proudly,
O'er her shoulders fair.

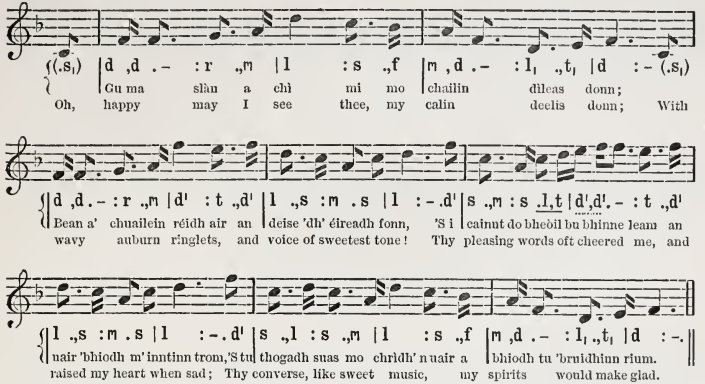
Hers are teeth whose whiteness
Snow alone can peer;
Hers the breath all fragrance,
Voice of loving cheer;
Cheeks of cherry ripeness,
Eyelids drooping down,
Neath a forehead never
Shadowed by a frown.

No mere music art-born
Ere our pleasure crowned;—
Music far more cheering
Nature for us found;
Larks in air, and thrushes
On each flow'ring thorn,
And the Cuckoo hailing
Summer's gay return!

Gaelic words by J. MAC DONALD, Lochbroom. Translation by EVAN MAC COLL.

45—MO CHAILIN DÌLEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL AUBURN MAID.

KEY F.—*Moderato, with expression.*



Gur muladach a ta mi
'S mi nochd air àird' a' chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal dhomh
'S do chaidreamh fada bhuam;
Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach,
As d' aogais tha mi truagh;
'Us mur a dèan mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Sùil chorrach mar an dearcag
Fo rosg a dh'iadhas dlùth;
Gruaidhean mar an caorann,
Fo'n aodann 'tha leam ciùin;
Mur d' aithris iad na breugan
Gu'n d' thug mi féin duit rùn;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach là
O'n uair a dh'fhàg mi thu.

Tacan mu'n do sheòl sinn
Is ann a thòisich càch
Ri ìnnseadh do mo chruinneig-sa
Nach tillinn-sa gu bràth:
Na cuireadh sud ort gruaimean,
A luaidh, ma bhios mi slàn,
Cha chum dad idir uait mi
Ach saighead chruaidh a' Bhàis.

Tha'n t-snaim a nise ceangailte
Gu daingeann agus teann;
'Us their luchd na fanaid rium
Nach 'eil mo phrothaid ann:
Am fear aig a' bheil fortan,
Tha crois aige 'n a cheann,
'S tha mise taingeil, toilichte
Ged tha mo sporan gann.

My heart is torn with anguish
This night upon the sea,
And restless are my slumbers
Since far away from thee.
How oft my thoughts entwine thee,
Though absent from my view!
And if I may not claim thee,
My days shall be but few.

Beneath thy pencilled eyebrows
Are eyes like berries blue,
Thy cheeks are like the rowans
Of red and ripest hue;
I will confess with gladness
That I this maid adore,—
Each day has seemed a year
Since we parted on the shore.

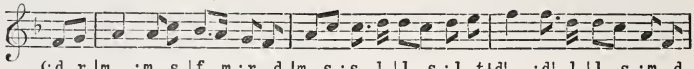
A while before we parted
They sought to grieve thee sore,
And said unto my maiden
I should return no more.
Heed not their cruel slander;
My love, if naught betide,
I 'll come again to see thee,
And claim thee for my bride.

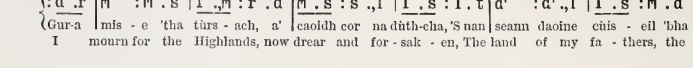
The knot is tied securely
That binds me to my dear,
Though mocking foes are saying
'Twill bring me little gear;
The man who weds a fortune
Its cross has oft to bear,
So I am quite contented
Although my purse be spare.

Gaelic words by HECTOR MAC KENZIE, Ullapool. Translation by "FIONN."

46—FUADACH NAN GAIDHEAL—THE DISPERSION OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.* Air—"Lord Lovat's Lament."





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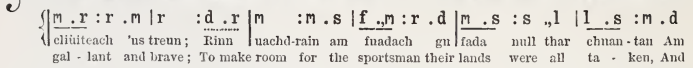

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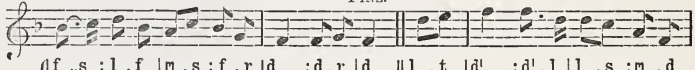


Far an robh móran dhaoine
Le 'm mnathan 'us le 'n teaghlaich,
Cha'n 'eil ach caoraich-mhaola
Ri fhaotainn 'n an àit':
Cha 'n fhaicear air a' bhuaile
A' bhanarach le 'buaraich,
No idir an crodh guaill-fhionn
'S am buachaille bàn.

Tha 'n uiseag anns na speuran,
A' seinn a luinneig gleusda,
'S gun neach ann 'g a h-éisdeachd
'N uair dh' éireas i árd;
Cha till, cha till na daoine
Bha cridheil agus aoibheil—
Mar mholl air latha gaoithe
Chaidh 'n sgaoileadh gu bràth.

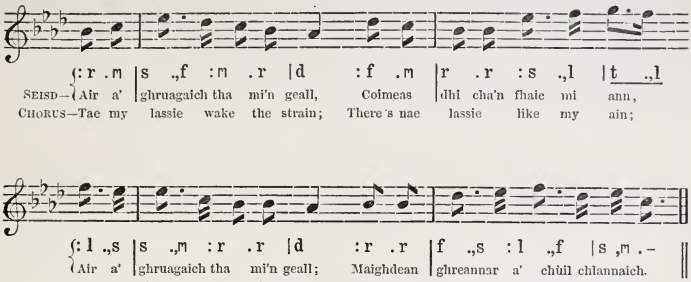
Oh! where are the parents
And bairns yonder roaming?
The scene of their gladness
Is far o'er the main;
No blithe-hearted milkmaid
Now cheers us at gloaming;
The herd-boy no longer
Is seen on the plain.

The lark still is soaring,
And sings in her glory,
With no one to listen
Her sweet morning lay;
The clansmen are gone—
But their deeds live in story—
Like chaff in the wind,
They were borne far away.

Gaelic words and translation by "FIONN."

47—A' GHRUAGACH BHANAIL—THE BLYTHESOME LASSIE.

KEY A♭.—*Moderato.* Air—"Bithibh aotrom 's togaibh fonn."



Fhir a shiùbhlas greis mu thuath,
Thoir na beannachdan so bhuam
Thun na ribhinn bhanail, shuairc',
"Tha mu'n Chaisteal-ruadh a' fanachd.

Fhuair mi eòlas oirr' 's mi òg,
'S sinn le chéile air bheag gò;—
'N gaol a thug mi 'n sin do'n òigh'
Bithidh e ri m' bheò air m' aire.

'S iomadh maise agus buaidh
A tha oirre fàs a suas;
Trian diubh so cha'n fhaod mi 'luaidh,
Ged 's i Ghàidhlig chruaidh a th' agam.

Tha a gruaidhean mar na ròis;
Tha a cneas mar chanach lòin;
Tha a beusan banail fòi,
'Us a còmhradh mòdhar, tairis.

'Nuair a sheinneas i an duan,
'S i le càch a' bleoghann bhuar,
Feumaidh smeòraich air a' bhruaich
'N ceileireadh thoirt suas car tamull.

Ach ma 's beò mi gu Dir-daoin,
Ni mi seòl air bhi r' a taobh;
'S cinnteach mi a fàilt, le aoidh,
Geanalachd 'us faoilt, o'n ainnir.

Ye wha northward tak yer way,
If ye wad a kindness dae,
Bear my salutations gay
Tae my ain, my blythesome lassie.

Our first meeting weel I min',
In our youthful days langsyne,
And the love shall never crine
That I bear my blythesome lassie.

Words o' mine could never trace
A' the wondrous wealth o' grace
That bedecks the form and face
O' my bonnie blythesome lassie.

Cheeks like roses blooming bright,
Mien like *canach* downy white,
Speech and manners a' that 's right,
O' my bonnie blythesome lassie.

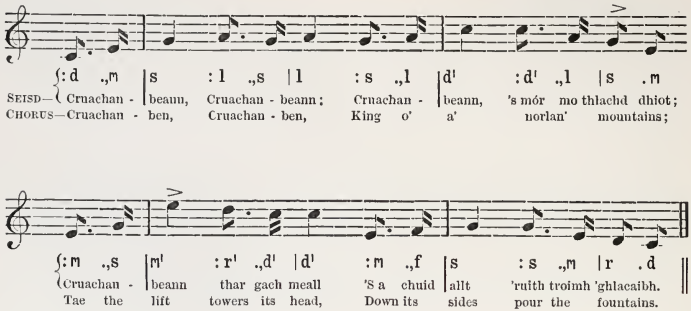
When she sings her evening sang
Wi' the merry milk-maids thrang,
A' the birds, the trees amang,
Hush tae hear my blythesome lassie.

If to morrow I 'm alive,
To be wi' her I will strive;
Welcome kind, when I arrive,
Waits me frae my blythesome lassie.

Gaelic words by "MACTALLA." Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE.

48—CRUACHAN-BEANN—CRUACHAN-BEN.

KEY C.—*With animation.* Air—"Brochan buirn."



Cruachan-beann 's e cho mòr,
Tha e sònraicht' r'a fhaicinn—
Cha 'n 'eil a leithid 's an Roinn-Eòrp',
'S geal a chòta 'n àm sneachda.

Cloinn-an-t-Saoir d'am bu dual
'Bhi 'n ad chluanagan fasgach,
An diugh cha'n fhaic mi aon do'n àl
'Gabhail tàmh ann ad thaice.

'S iomadh linn bho 'n fhuair iad còir
Air a' bheinn a's bòidhch' r'a faicinn;
'S cho fad' 's a ruitheas uillt gu cuan
Bith'dh an dualchas ud aca.

An Leitir-beann chaidh m' àrach òg—
Leitir bhòidheach nam badan;
Gheibhteadh fiadh ann air an t-sliabh,
'S earbag ria'ch anns gach glac dheth.

Aite 's maisiche fo 'n ghréin
Chaoidh cha léir dhomh r'a fhaicinn;
'S bho 'n a chuir iad thu fo fhéidh,
'S goirt mo dheur 'gabhail beachd ort.

Soraidh 'nis le Cruachan-beann,
'S leis gach coire 's gleann tha 'n taic ris:
'S e mo dhùrachd Cloinn-an-t-Saoir
A bhi daonnan 'n a thaice.

Noblest hill e'er I saw!
It is grander a hantle
Than ought Europe can show,
When it wears its snowy mantle.

MacIntyres were the clan
That its precincts frequentit;
Noo there's nane o' them there,
And fu' sair I lament it.

'Twas in days o' langsyne
Bonnie Cruachan they claimit,
And as lang as water flows
Still on it they 'll be namit.

I was reared at Letter-ben,
Far the grandest of onie;
Deers and roes boundit free
O'er its knowes green and bonnie.

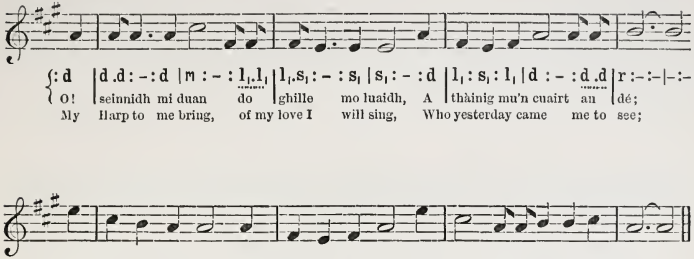
I nae mair shall behold
Spot on earth half sae takin';
But they 've placed thee under deer,
And my heart's nigh a-breakin'.

Fare thee well, Cruachan ben!
Every scaur, glen and fountain!
Lang may MacIntyres be found
Near their ain glorious mountain.

Gaelic words modern. Translation by C. M. P.

49—GILLE MO LUAIDH—THE LAD I LOVE WELL.

KEY A.– *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



Ged tha thu 's an tìom glé fhada bho 'n tìr
'S am b'àbhaist do d' shìnnsear bhi 'n tàmh;
Tha 'n Gàidheal a'd chrìdh 's cha ghabh e cur
Le nì 's am bith ach am bàs. [sìos.

'S ann an Apuinn nan Stuadh a thuinich do
Na Stiùbhartaich uasal àrd; [shluagh,
'S ann doibh a bu dual bhi colgarra cruaidh;
Is iad nach tilleadh 's a' chàs.

Ged sgaipteadh 's an uair na fàilleinean uain'
A thàinig bho shluagh nam beann,
Tha 'n spiorad mar bha, 'us bithidh gu bràth,
A' ruith anns gach àl d'an clann.

Gach lusan d'an fhraoch tha sgaipte 's an t-saoghal,
'N uair ruigeas e taobh nam beann,
Tha smuaintean a chrìdh a' tilleadh gun strìth,
A dh' ionnsaidh na tìom a bh' ann.

Mo chead leat an dràsd, O 'ille mo ghràidh,
'Us till rinn gun dàil mu thuath;
'S gu'n cuir sinn ort fàilt le furan 'us àigh,
'S le cridheachan blàth 'g a luaidh.

Tho' distant, retired from the land of thy sires,
Where they lived in the brave days of old,
The Gael from thy heart shall never depart,
Till silent and cold in the mould.

From Appin they came, in history famed,
The Stewarts of high pedigree;
Courageous and bold when facing the foe,
They never were known to flee.

Tho' scattered have been the branches so green,
Brave sons of the mountains wild!
The spirit remains for ever the same,
Descending from parent to child.

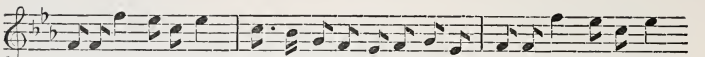
Each sprig of the heather, that long has been
On reaching the mountain so green, [severed,
His spirit returns, and is kindled by love,
As he thinks of the days that have been.

I must now bid farewell to the lad I love well:
Come back again soon to the North:
Here a welcome thou'lt find, both hearty and kind,
From hearts overflowing with mirth.

Gaelic words by JOHN CAMPBELL, Ledaig. Translation by "FIONN."

50—EILIDH BHÀN—AILIE BAIN.

KEY E♭.—*Moderato.* Air—"Buain na rainich."*



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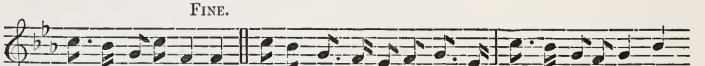
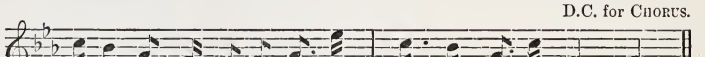


D.C. for CHORUS.



Gaol gach gille, cliù gach filidh,
Tuath no deas gu'n téid mi—
Na 'm b'fhear-dhàn mi mar a b' àill leam
Gu là bhràth bhiodh sgeul ort.
Eilidh bhàn, &c.

Gun dad fasgaidh ach mo bhreacan,
'S mo lamh dheas mu d' chaol-chrios,
Sud mar fhuair mi 'n oidhche 's buaine
Tric ro-luath 'g ar sgaoileadh.

Ged tha fear-a'-Bhràighe, thall ud,
'S ciadan eile 'n déigh ort,
'S leam-sa, neothar-thaing dhoibh uile,
Gaol us furan m' éudail!

'S truagh nach b'ann an nochd, a leannain,
Dh' òlar deoch na réite;
'N sin le 'r gairm, gu Cill-a'-Mhunna
Cha bu ruith ach leum leam.

A' the lads are daft about ye;
A' the bardies praise ye;
Were I ane mysel', I doubt na
I'd gang rhymin' crazy.
Ailie Bain, &c.

On the cauld nichts tho' my plaidie
Sheltered us but sparely,
Yet my partin' frae beside ye
Seem'd tae come owre early.

What, tho' monied cuifs endeavour
Wi' their gowd tae lure ye,
True tae me yer heart beats ever;
Ne'er shall they secure ye.

Would this e'ening saw them risin'
Frae our bottling, Ailie;
Tae Kilmun tae put the cries in
I wad trip it gaily.

Gaelic words by EVAN MAC COLL. Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE

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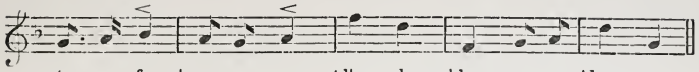
*This air is extremely popular, and ever associated with a Fairy Song, of which the following is a fragment—

Tha mi sgìth 's mi leam fhìn,
Buain na rainich, buain na rainich;
Tha mi sgìth 's mi leam fhìn,
Buain na rainich daonnan.

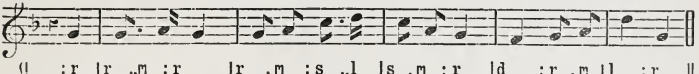
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
Cùl an tomain bhòidhich;
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
H-uile làtha 'm bònar.

51—MO NIGHEAN DONN—MY BROWN MAID.

KEY F.—*With spirit.* FINE.



D.C. for CHORUS.



'S mór gruaman na h-iarmailt,
'S gaoth an iar a' cruaidh-shéideadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na tonnan 's a' ghàraich,
'Tigh'n gu tràigh le greann éitidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na cithean trom sneachda
'Dall-ghleachd anns na speuraibh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na h-uillt le dearg-rànaich
'Sguabadh sgàrnaich nan sléibhtean,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na craobhan mór, miarach,
As am friamhaich 'g an reubadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha eòin bhùchain nan cluaintean
Leis an uamhas 'g an léireadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S eòin bheaga na coille
Gob, 's an doire, fo'n sgéithe,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S bochd nuallan nan aighean
Air na sraithean lom glé-gheal,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S truagh mise 'n tìr Oisein
'S mi gun soistinn mu m' éudail,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan,
Maighdean channach na féille!
Mo nigh'n donn.

Gloomy low'rs the dark welkin;
Fierce the west wind is blowing.
Mo neen donn.

Roll the crested waves hoary
To the shore with weird moaning.
Mo neen donn.

From the heavens, blind striving,
Fall the driving white snowflakes.
Mo neen donn.

Loud bellow the fountains
Down the mountain side pouring.
Mo neen donn.

See, the branching high oaktrees
On the snow are stretched lowly.
Mo neen doon

Hear the birds of the meadows
In their terror chirp doleful.
Mo neen donn.

In the woods the sweet singers
Under wing their heads stow them.
Mo neen donn.

Hear the cows on the meadows
Standing plaintively lowing.
Mo neen donn.

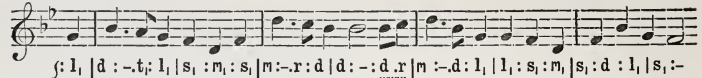
In the land of old Ossian
My sad loss I 'm deploring.
Mo neen donn.

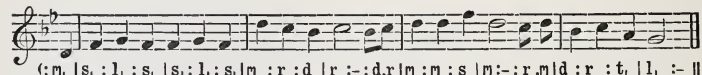
Where I left her, my dear one,
My own peerless adored one.
Mo neen donn.

Gaelic words old. English words by C. M. P.

52—EILEAN AN FHRAOICH—THE ISLE OF THE HEATHER.

KEY B♭.—*Boldly, beating twice in the measure.*





An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach,
Gur pailt ann am biadh;
'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n
Do dhealraich a' ghrian;
'S e Eilean mo ghràidh-s' e,
Bha 'Ghàidhlig ann riamh;
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth
Gus an tràigh an cuan siar!

'N àm éiridh na gréine
Air a shléibhtibh bith'dh ceò,
Bith'dh a' bhanarach ghuanach
'S a' bhuarach 'n a dòrn
Ri gabhail a duanaig
'S i cuallach nam bò,
'S mac-talla nan creag
Ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.

Air feasgar an t-Samhraidh
Bith'dh sunnd air gach spréidh;
Bith'dh a' chuthag 'us fonn oirr'
Ri òran di fhéin;
Bith'dh uiseag air lòn
Agus smeòrach air géig,
'S air cnuic ghlas' 'us leòidean
Uain òga ri leum.

Na'm faighinn mo dhùrachd
'S e 'lùgainn bhi òg,
'S gun ghnothach aig aois rium
Fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bhi beò,
Bhi 'n am bhuachaill' air àiridh
Fo sgàil nam beann mòr'
Far am faighinn an càis'
'S bainne-blàth air son òl.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh
Leam sealladh a's bòidhch'
Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos
Air taobh siar Eilean Leòghas;
'N crodh-laoidh anns an luachair,
'S am buachaill' 'n an tòir
'G an tional gu àiridh
Le àl de laoigh òg'.

This dearest of Isles
Is so fertile and fair,
That no other island
May with it compare;
Here Gaelic was spoken
In ages gone by,
And here it will live
Till the ocean runs dry.

At dawning of day
When there 's mist on the hill,
The milkmaids go skipping
By fountain and rill;
When milking their cattle
They raise a sweet song,
And softly the echoes
The chorus prolong.

The notes of the cuckoo
Are welcomed in May,
And the blackbird sings blithe
'Mong the silvery spray;
The lark and the mavis
Pour forth their sweet lay,
While the lambs in the meadows
Are sprightly at play.

Could I get my wish,
And be once more a boy,
I 'd thither return
And its pleasures enjoy,
A shepherd, to wander
O'er heather-clad hills,
And drink a cool draught
From its bright mountain rills.

There ne'er was a picture
More lovely to see,
Than the sun as he sinks
In the blue western sea,
When homeward the cattle
Are wending their way,
And all things are still,
At the close of the day.

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